☞Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

## IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.
Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would re-arrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!
My boy so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song, and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.
—*E. Langbridge, in Good Words.*

## A DESPERATE FLIGHT.

### Terrible Experiences of a Political Exile in Russia.

In the year 1846, Sieciński, Bogdaszewski, and I, with the three Russian soldiers who guarded us, occupied a small shed near the great distilleries of Ekaterininski-Zovod, in Northern Siberia.

It was a poor little dwelling. The wind whistled and the snow drifted through the cracks in the boarding, but it had the inestimable advantage of separating in some degree our daily life from that of the convicts, association with whom is one of the hardest of the exile's many trials.

All the workmen at Ekaterininski-Zovod were prisoners (and as a matter of course also exiles), and by far the greater proportion were convicts. The position of political prisoners in such an establishment is necessarily full of suffering, and my two friends and I had drunk the bitter cup to the dregs.

We were Polish nobles and Polish patriots, and had each passed separately the trial and imprisonment in irons which had followed our participation in the conspiracy of 1840-1. Sieciński and Bogdaszewski preceded me to Siberia, and there, alas! I left them.

I pass over the first five years of my exile, with its toils and trials, and will merely observe that the permission to build and occupy a dwelling apart had been granted to my two friends and myself as a reward for diligence and good conduct.

Our three guards never left us by day or night, but they drew apart during the long evenings, and either slept or feigned to do so, while we talked together of our beloved country and the irrevocable past.

Of one subject, and that the one probably most constantly in our minds, we never spoke at all. No one of us whispered the word "escape," and I do not yet know whether my two friends have succeeded in doing so or not. But this I know, that if still in captivity they ponder through all the hours of every day the exile's problem, when and how to escape. Alas! how many die without solving it! From the moment of my arrest I had resolved upon flight, and a knowledge of the terrible punishments inflicted by the Russian government, not only upon fugitives, but upon all who aid a fugitive, had induced me to determine to take no one into my confidence.

My occupation during the last four years of my imprisonment had been that of corresponding clerk in the Bureau of the Distilleries, and I had in that way been brought in contact with merchants and peasants from all parts of Siberia, and had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the geography of the country, of its customs and its inhabitants. In the latter part of the year 1845 I had made three attempts to escape, which, fortunately for me, remained undiscovered and unsuspected.

These failures were, however, of use to me, since in consequence of them I was induced to try the route which proved the way to freedom. The choice of a route is of the greatest consequence to a fugitive when beginning his perilous journey. The high-road from Siberia to the center of Russia is the one oftenest taken, because the most direct and the easiest. But for this very reason it is incomparably the most dangerous. The surveillance there exercised by the government is one of unceasing vigilance, and it is ably seconded by the inhabitants, whose zeal and rapacity are continually on the alert. The Tartars have a saying with regard to the fugitives from Siberia: "If you kill a squirrel you have but his single skin, but if you kill a 'carnak'" (a term of contempt applied to prisoners), "you have three—his clothes, his shirt and himself" (the reward for giving up the man to justice). Five other roads remained, all less dangerous than the one above alluded to, but far more difficult and wearisome. I decided to go northward, across the Oural Mountains and the steppes of Petchara and Archangel to Archangel, a route which was not only the least used, but had also the immense advantage of being the shortest, for, once at Archangel, I hoped to be able to escape in one of the many foreign ships always to be found in that port.

I had for many months been accumulating one by one, with great secrecy and no small difficulty, the articles indispensable to my flight.

First among these was a passport. The Siberian peasant is fond of traveling, and the law requires him to be provided with two passports, one for small distances, that is, from village to village, and another, sealed with the imperial arms, and bearing the government stamp.

I succeeded in fabricating the one and the other. I also procured a Siberian wig, that is to say, the hood called wig worn by all peasants in Siberia. It is made of sheep's hide, the wool turned inward, and covers the forehead down to the eyes, and comes well forward over the cheeks, making—for one not in the habit of wearing it—a disguise almost as complete as a mask or domino. I had also succeeded in procuring a peasant's costume, and had accumulated the sum of 180 rubles (about 900 francs)—a small sum for such a long journey, and destined to be diminished still further by a fatal accident.

On the night of the 8th of February, 1846, I crept out of the hut while my companions were sleeping. My enterprise was a desperate one at any time, and I had selected this month because of the great yearly fair at Irbit, which attracted a great crowd of people from all parts of Siberia, among whom I hoped to pass unperceived. I wore three shirts; the outer one hung over my heavy pantaloons of Russian cloth, and my peasant's waistcoat and "armiak" (a short surcoose of sheep-skin soaked in tallow) were bound round my waist with red, black and white woolen sash. Long boots of tarred rawhide met the edge of the "armiak," and on my wig I wore the round cap of red velvet bordered with fur which every Siberian peasant sports on fete-days. An enormous furred pelisse, the collar of which was turned up and tied round my neck with a handkerchief, furred gloves, and a heavy stick completed my accoutrement. In the leg of my right boot I had a poniard, my money was in my waistcoat, and I carried a bag containing a pair of pantaloons of blue linen, a shirt, and a pair of boots, as well as some bread and dried fish.

I slipped noiselessly out of the hut, and crept round a crossway in order not to gain the high road immediately.

It was freezing hard and bitter cold; the bright moonlight glittered on the snow. I soon crossed the frozen Irtisch, and walked at a rapid pace along the high-road, reflecting that the nights in Siberia were long, and calculating how far I could go before daylight, when my flight must inevitably be discovered. Suddenly I heard far behind me the noise of a sledge advancing at full speed. I shuddered, but nevertheless resolved to hail it when it passed me. I was saved that trouble.

"Where are you going?" said the peasant who drove the sledge, coming to a dead halt beside me.

"To Tara."

"And where did you come from?"

"From the village of Zalininia."

"Give me sixty kopeks" (ten cents,) "and I will take you to Tara, where I am going myself."

"No; it is too dear; fifty kopeks" (eight cents,) "if you like."

"Very well; get in, quick!"

I did so, and the horses set off at a tearing gallop. The road was as smooth as a polished floor, the cold stinging; in half an hour we were at Tara. The peasant left me in the street and drove off. I approached the window of the inn, and shouted in a loud voice after the Russian fashion.

"Are there horses?"

"Where to go?" responded a sleepy voice from the interior.

"To the fair at Irbit."

"There are horses."

"A pair!"

"Yes, a pair."

"How much the verst?"

"Eight kopeks."

"I can not give so much; six kopeks?"

"Too little—but—you can have them."

In a few minutes the horses were ready and harnessed to the sledge.

"Where do you come from?" said the landlord, as I took my place in the sledge.

"From Tomsk; I am the clerk of Messrs. N——. My master has gone on to the fair, and I am very late; he will be angry; and if you will reach there in time, I will give you a *pourboire*."

"The peasant whistled to his horses, and they set off at full speed. Suddenly the sky clouded over, the snow began to fall, the wind rose; we were in a whirlwind of light, fine snow. My peasant lost his way, and then lost heart, and confessed that he had done so. I will not attempt to describe the terrible agony of that night passed in a sledge, not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-Zovod, in the midst of a tempest of snow.

At last day began to break.

"Let us return to Tara," I said; "I will engage some one who knows the road, and you shall be given up to the police for having made me lose so much time."

But with daylight my conductor recovered himself and found the road. From that moment he made every effort to make up for the time already lost, and drove with lightning speed. But I was not satisfied. What fugitive ever is so? A horrible thought haunted me. I remembered the fate of our poor Colonel Wysocki, who, after having been delayed for a night in the forest by his guide, was delivered in the morning to the gendarmes. Was I to be so treated? And I grasped my poniard. Vain fears! Unjust suspicions! My peasant drove me to an inn, where I drank some tea and changed horses. In this way I drove on all through that day and far into the night, where, at my last halting-place, the village of Soldatskaia, I was, while drinking tea in a crowded cabaret, robbed of forty rubles in paper (about eighty francs) and of the envelope in which they were contained, which, alas! also contained a list of the villages through which I had to pass on my journey to Archangel, and also my passport.

One thing sustained me in the face of this terrible loss, and that was the utter impossibility of doing any thing but go on. I continued my journey, therefore and on the third day of my flight found myself at the gates of Irbit, and a thousand kilometres from Ekaterininski-Zovod. "Halt! and show your passport!" exclaimed the guard at the city gate. Fortunately for me, he added in a whisper: "Give me ten kopeks, and be off with you."

I hastened to comply with his demand, and soon after found myself in a crowded inn of the poorest class and among a swarm of peasants from all parts of Siberia. I announced that I had left my passport with the authorities, and the next morning after breakfast I slipped out, avowedly to get it and show it to the landlord, but really for the purpose of leaving Irbit, which I did at once, and unchallenged, by the northern gate. During the night, while apparently asleep, I had reviewed my resources, and had come to the conclusion that I could no longer proceed in sledges nor sleep in even the poorest inns, but must husband to the utmost the 125 francs which remained. I walked therefore all through the day, from time to time munching the frozen bread and dried fish which I carried in my bag, and quenching my thirst at the holes cut by the peasants in the ice for the purpose of watering their cattle. When night began to draw in, I resolved to prepare an Ostiak burrow to sleep in.

Where the snow is deep and dry it is not by any means impossible to sleep warmly in the very heart of a forest, provided always that one knows how to prepare an Ostiak burrow. This is done by hollowing a sort of horizontal cave in the snow. Into this the Ostiaks creep, and after piling up the snow at the entrance of the burrow, so as to exclude the cold air, they lie down and sleep in perfect security and warmth. I succeeded perfectly in preparing my Ostiak bed, but I was imprudent enough to cover myself with the furred side of my pelisse turned inward, and slept so warmly in consequence that the snow melted at the door of my burrow and let in the cold air, so that I woke at daybreak with my feet almost frozen, and had to rise and begin my journey at once. It was a terrible day. The work of toiling through the snow was hard enough, but toward noon rose the terrible icy wind of Siberia, which drove in my face with blinding force, and whirled masses of dry light snow before it. Still, I toiled on. The short day was closing in when I had to confess to myself that I must rest or die. Fortunately I was near a small solitary hut, and I knocked at the door. It was at once opened by a young woman, who motioned me to enter. I saluted her and her mother in the Russian fashion, and in reply to the usual inquiry where I was going, and "where the good God was leading me," I answered that I was a workman from the government of Tobolsk, and was going northward to the iron founderies of Bobotsk. The woman gave me a hot supper, and I had the infinite relief of being able to take off and dry my clothes. I then stretched myself on a bench and fell asleep, with an indescribable sensation of relief and contentment. I thought that I had neglected no precaution, nevertheless the women began to suspect me. I had four shirts—too great luxury for a Siberian. I was sinking into a deep sleep when I was awakened by a rude grasp on my shoulder, and saw myself surrounded by four peasants, who demanded my passport.

And what right have you to demand my passport?" I exclaimed in feigned anger. "Is one of you a government officer?"

"None of us, it is true, but we are at home."

"Is that true?" I asked, turning to an old peasant woman.

"Yes; they are from this village."

"Well, then," I replied, "I will tell you that my name is Lavrenti Kouzmine, from the government of Tobolsk, and that I am going to Bohotsk to seek work."

"Forgive us, little father," responded the peasants. "We are excusable, you see, for there are often escaped convicts about."

The rest of the night passed comfortably and quietly, but the next morning I breakfasted and bade farewell to the women, with the melancholy certainty of passing my nights in future in the heart of the forest. The demand for a passport had shown me how dangerous it was for me to frequent the haunts of men. For many a night afterward, therefore, the Ostiak burrow was my sole refuge, and I became so accustomed to it that at close of day I entered the forest as if it were a well known hostlery.

From the 15th or 16th of February to the first week in April I journeyed northward, only thrice venturing to seek shelter in a house. I suffered much. The absence of all civilized comforts, and especially of hot food, a privation more difficult to bear than any other on such a long cold journey, almost brought me to the grave. Then, too, I had constantly to struggle against that disposition to sleep which is death in such a case as mine.

It was at Paouda, high up in the Oural Mountains, that I slept in a house for the second time after leaving Irbit. I was passing late at night through a village, when a voice from one of the izbas (huts) called out:

"Who goes there?"

"A traveler."

"Are you going far?"

"O, very far."

"Well, if you choose, come in and sleep in our house."

"May the God reward you!" I exclaimed as I entered the door. "But shall I not be a trouble to you?"

"How should you trouble us? We are not yet in bed. Come in."

My two good kind hosts—an old peasant and his wife—gave me a meager supper, which was to me a feast. In the morning I breakfasted with them, and for my food and bed they refused any recompense. As I prepared to leave them, the old man said: "A little beyond Paouda you will find a *corps de garde*, who will look at your papers and give you all the information about your journey."

I was, of course, very careful to avoid the *corps de garde*, and journeyed on as before, buying my provisions at the izbas during the day, but sleeping in the forest at night.

I reached the summit of the Oural Mountains on a clear, calm night in March. The moon was at the full, and lit up a landscape at once magnificent and strange, where gigantic rocks and trees cast their shadows on a vast expanse of snow. A silence profound and solemn reigned over all. Every now and then a hard metallic ring was audible. It was the snapping of the stones caused by the intense cold. A few days afterward I passed through Solikamsk, and went on over the steppe of Petchara toward Veliki-Oustioug. The journey was always the same—the same vast snow-covered plains, the same deep forests, the same icy winds, and for me always my toilsome march, my Ostiak burrow, and now and then a less meager repast in an izbouchka (a sort of peasant inn).

These izbouchkas were my greatest temptation. I dared not think of sleeping in them. But a little hot soup! How ardently I longed to stop and buy some, and eat it in a warm room! I could not venture to do this often, and one night when, after losing my way in a whirlwind of snow, I found myself without bread, and racked by acute pain as well as hunger, I writhed in my burrow and prayed for death. When morning broke I found I could not walk. After several attempts I sank unconscious on the snow. How long I lay there I do not know. I was aroused by a loud voice. A stranger stood beside me, who inquired what I was doing in the forest.

I answered that I had lost my way; that I was from Tchordine, and was making a pilgrimage to the monastery at Solovetsk, but that I was dying of hunger.

"It is not surprising that you should have lost your way in such a storm," answered the man. "I do so often, though I am from this district, and know the forest well. Now taste that."

So saying he held a bottle to my mouth, and I drank. It contained some excellent brandy, which revived me at once, but at the same time burned so terribly that I fell on the snow in convulsions. My good friend soothed me, and gave me some bread and dried fish, which I devoured eargerly. We then sat at the foot of a tree, and my companion explained that he was a trapper, and was now on his way home with the game which he had caught. He added that he would remain with me until I felt calmer and stronger, and would then conduct me to the nearest izbouchka.

"I thank you with all my heart. May the good God reward you!"

"Eh! for what then?" he answered, kindly. "We are Christians."

He afterward supported me to the door of the izbouchka, where he bade me farewell, recommending me to God.

An immense relief was mine as I crossed the threashold of the izbouchka, but I had scarcely done so when I fell senseless to the floor. I recovered in half an hour and asked for some warm soup, but I could not swallow it. I fell asleep on a bench at midday, and never stirred for twenty-four hours, when I was awakened by my host, who was anxious. He was an honest man, and his kindness and sympathy redoubled when he learned that I was making a pious pilgrimage to the monastery of Solovetsk. He begged me to stay several days, but I dared not do so, and on the following morning I resumed my journey. I reached the gates of Veliki-Oustioug on the 11th of April, and there in my role of pilgrim lodged in a humble inn with many others, all bound for the monastery of Solovetsk.

At Veliki-Oustioug we were all obliged to remain for a month, in order to await the thawing of the Dvina. The month over, I agreed, as did many other pilgrims, to row in a boat going to Archangel. Each of us received fifteen rubles. We reached Archangel in a fortnight, and most of my companions pressed on to the monastery. I pretended fatigue, and for several days I hunanted the quays in the hope of discovering a French vessel. Alas! not one was in port, and on the deck of every vessel, Russian and foreign, paced a Russian soldier, armed to the teeth. This precaution is taken in order to prevent the escape of exiles by way of Archangel. After a week passed in this manner I became aware that I was watched, and I decided most reluctantly to abandon the hope which had hitherto sustained me, that of escaping from the port of Archangel. I therefore, in order to disarm suspicion, took the road to Solovetsk. I had not then decided what to do, but as I journeyed on I came to the conclusion that the safest plan would be for me to make the pilgrim journey, as it is called; that is, to go from Solovetsk to Onega, and thence to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiew. The pilgrim disguise had hitherto served me well, and it continued to do so.

I never reached Solovetsk, but took boat at Vyteggra (opposite Solovetsk) for St. Petersburg. I with several other pilgrims was engaged to row, and as we were paid fairly well, I arrived at St. Petersburg with nearly sixty rubles in my pocket.

I had now come to the most difficult point of my flight, which seemed more desperate than ever. Still, in my pilgrim disguise, I took my modest lodging, and was greatly relieved when my landlady (a washerwoman) advised me not to go to the police office with my passport because she would be obliged to accompany me, and would therefore lose much precious time.

I left St. Petersburg on the afternoon of the next day in a boat bound for Riga, and thence walked on through Courland and Lithuania, and passed the Prussian frontier in safety. I had changed my disguise, and when obliged to explain myself, said that I was a dealer in pig skins. I thus succeeded without difficulty of any kind in getting as far as Koenigsburg, but there, on the eve of of my departure for Posen, I was arrested and imprisoned as "not being able to give an account of myself."

I passed a month in prison, a prey to torturing anxiety, and then—nothing having been proved against me—I was released, and ordered to quit Koenigsburg immediately. I had found an opportunity to confess my identity to a French gentleman living in the neighborhood, and to his generous assistance, and to that of some of the inhabitants of Koenigsburg whom he had interested in my story, I owed the means of traveling so rapidly that I soon crossed the French frontier. On the 22d of September, eight months after leaving Ekaterininski-Zovod, I saw before me the lights of Paris. My desperate flight was accomplished! God in His mercy had brought me to a safe haven. I write these lines far from the scene of my dreary exile, far, alas! from the brave compatriots who suffered with me. Some, I know, are no longer among the living, others still languish in captivity. May God have mercy alike upon the living and the dead!—*From the Polish by Mrs. Launt Thompson, in Harper's Bazar.*

## PRACTICAL LESSONS.

### How History is Taught in One of Washington's Public Schools.

History is taught in a novel way in Washington, and the pupils are taught in a practical way that seems worthy of emulation. According to a gentleman who recently went through a school in that city, the following plan is pursued:

The other day he visited the room of Dr. Roush, the principal of the school in the Henry building. He was motioned to a seat and the work of the school proceeded without interruption. It soon became apparent that something of unusual interest was taking place. The face of every member of the school was ablaze with interest and enthusiasm, and frequent "points of order" and "constitutional references" were suggested. The visitor saw that an election of some sort was taking place, and in due time the ballots were cast, tellers appointed and the votes counted. The result was the nomination of two presidential tickets, at which point the hour for closing had arrived and the school dismissed.

"That," said Doctor Roush, answering the visitor's inquiry, "is a practical way we have of teaching history. We have just finished the study of that part of the Constitution pertaining to the election of the President and Vice President, and now we are doing the practical work. The balloting you have just witnessed was in the convention, and we have now nominated our tickets. I divide the school into two factions or parties, and each party is allowed to nominate a ticket. The candidates are members of the school, and no little interest is taken in them. The pupils do the practical work, and when they are at loss to know how to proceed, the constitution is consulted. After the electors are chosen they vote and send the result to the proper body. In case of a tie on either President or Vice President we resolve ourselves into the House or Senate, as the case may be, and decide the contest. We do the work as nearly as possible that is actually done in our National elections, and instead of merely reading what is usually dull constitutional matter, we take up the real work and study becomes one of intense interest to the scholars."

"Do you find that the scholars have much of an idea of an election here in the District of Columbia?"

"No; not as much as those who live where they may witness several elections a year, and this fact alone makes it doubly interesting to them. Tomorrow, at the history hour, the electors will be chosen, and the manner of choosing them is the subject for study."

"I emphatically believe in teaching those under my care the practical application of knowledge. Knowledge that can't be applied is useless in the majority of cases. There is too much useless book lore taught everywhere. Girls and boys too frequently leave our public schools with their brain crammed with impracticable rubbish and data. They should be taught to think and reason, to develop and apply, to analyze and construct. Such minds are in demand in practical life. Such men and women become the great and stanch motor powers of our land.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

## CLUMSY DIRECTNESS.

### The Most Common Way of Giving Offense in an Unconscious Way.

Some people are perpetually giving offense in the most unconscious way. "Now, do let me propose you as a member," says Smith. "But suppose they blackball me?" replies Brown. "Pooh! Absurd! Why, my dear fellow, there's not a man in the club that knows you even!" A lady very desirous of concealing the awful fact that she is the same age as her husband, observed to a visitor: "My husband is forty; there are just five years between us." "Is it possible?" was the unguarded reply of her friend. "I give you my word, you look as young as he does." As unexpected must have been the reply of the husband whose wife said: "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, dear," he answered; that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation." It is related of a portrait painter that, having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed: "It is very nicely painted; but why do you take such an ugly model?" "It is my mother," calmly replied the artist. "O, pardon, a thousand times!" from the critic in great confusion. "I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely." On a similar occasion, a facetious friend, inspecting a portrait, said to the artist: "And this is Tom Smith, is it? Dear, dear! And I remember him, such a handsome, jolly-looking chap a month ago. Dear, dear! From the following, it would seem that the ceremonious Orientals are not above marring their politeness by an occasional speech apropos of the subject in hand. Some European ladies, passing through Constantinople, paid a visit to a certain high Turkish functionary. The host offered them refreshments including a variety of sweetmeats, always taking care to give one of the ladies double the quantity he gave to the others. Flattered by this marked attention, she put the question, through the interpreter: "Why do you serve me more liberally than the rest?" "Because you have a larger mouth,' was the straightforward reply.—*Christian at Work.*

## ANNIHILATED PARTIES.

### Why Democracy Will Never Recover from the Blow It Recently Received.

The recent Presidential election will pass into history as a remarkable one in many respects. But the most remarkable thing about it is the fact that the Republican party, which was supposed by many intelligent people to have fulfilled its mission, and to have gone out of power forever, suddenly bestirred itself, and practically annihilated the two or three parties that were opposed to it—the Democratic party, which was in possession of the Government; the Prohibition party, which loudly claimed the succession four years hence, and the Labor party which, a month before, threatened to capture three or four large States.

It is a difficult matter for any one in his sober senses to imagine how any one of these three defeated parties can ever take the field again in National politics. The Prohibition party and the Labor party have literally collapsed. They developed so little strength in the contest that no one knows, and no one has yet cared to inquire, how many votes they polled. The Democratic party made a gigantic effort and polled an immense vote, but was completely overcome in almost every Northern State, and certainly in all the centers of population, wealth and intelligence. If the election were repeated next Tuesday, it could not poll as large a vote as it did a few weeks ago; and, four years hence, the mere loss of prestige and of the emoluments of office would still further reduce its strength. But these are only the beginning of its troubles. The Republican party, being in possession of both houses of Congress, will instantly admit three or four new States into the Union. These prospective States are Republican by position; and as they are angry with the party which for years has denied them Statehood, and will be grateful to the party which is to deliver them from Territorial tutelage, they will, of course, be intensely and steadfastly Republican. Their Representatives will swell the Republican majority in Congress, and their Presidential Electors will forever destroy the pivotal political importance of the State of New York. Finally, the census of 1890 will, to a still greater extent, increase the representation of the Republican party, both in Congress and in the Electoral College.

These are the reasons why the Democratic party must die; but there are also reasons why it ought to prefer to die. It would be bad politics for it to live any longer. Its history must always defeat it. A vast majority of the people of this country hold it responsible for secession and the civil war. Its very name is an insuperable handicap, for it arouses a multitude of prejudices which have no logical connection with the issues of the present day. In this case, a rose by some other name would smell very much sweeter. Moreover, the Democratic party has no mission. The only distinctive principles it ever had are these: A strict construction of the constitution, which it has not mentioned for twenty years; State rights, which it does not dare to avow; a tariff for revenue only, which the country has a dozen times, with increasing vehemence, repudiated; and Civil-Service reform, by which it climbed into power, but which, six months later, it abandoned in disgust. Surely this is a beggarly stock in trade for a political party. If the men who are in such a party now are ever to be any thing, do any thing or get any thing, they must first abandon and bury out of sight their present political name and organization.

In the expression of these candid views the wish has not been the father to the thought. It is not to the interest of the Republican party for the Democratic party to go out of existence. Its efforts simply intensify the Republican spirit and correct party lassitude and indifference. Indeed, the greatest danger that now confronts the Republican party is a monopoly of the field. For, as an air-tight glass bulb, when the pressure of the surrounding air is removed, is blown into fragments by the expansive energy of the air within, so any political party which is deprived of the external pressure of party opposition is liable to explode from internal dissension. The worst fate that could ever befall the Republican party would be the absorption of the three annihilated parties.—*Chicago Journal.*

## THE SOUTHERN VOTE.

### Democratic Ascendency Due Altogether to Fraud and Intimidation.

According to what the Alabamians humorously call "official" returns their State gave Cleveland 117,310 votes and Harrison 57,197. In 1888 the men who fix up the figures down there said that Cleveland had 92,975 and Blaine 59,144. It would not have been generous to give Harrison as many votes as Blaine, but probably there were bets on a Democratic majority of 60,000 and they had to be eared for. In 1860 there were in the State 141,461 white and 128,423 colored voters. The number of each has increased and the blacks have gained proportionately as much as the whites. Why, then, as all the colored men are staunch Republicans, did not Harrison get at least 120,000 votes? Because it was not safe for the Confederates to allow him to do so. Not only would a fair election have lost them several Congressmen, but it would have cost them the State. There are enough white Republicans united with the colored men to take Alabama out of the Democratic column. That this is the case, and that what Republican votes are cast are those of whites or blacks living in counties where the whites are in the great majority, is shown by a glance at two of the Congressional districts. In the Eighth, in the extreme Northern part of the State, the white population exceeds the colored 45,000. There, in 1886, the Republicans cast for Congressman 8,600 votes. In the Third district, where the colored men are 33,000 ahead, they were not allowed to make a contest and cast no votes at all. To attempt to break up such a system as this, and to restore to the majority of the people of the State the rights of which they are deprived by a tyrannical and lawless minority, is denounced as tending to interfere with "our peaceful relations with our Southern brethren," and as "an interference with the great right of local self-government." It is not surprising that the colored voters, who still stand in the shadow of centuries of servitude, should put up with these outrages thus tamely, but it is a little singular that the white Republicans should be so submissive. Some of them were among the men who charged at Shiloh and Gettysburg, and they can not be accused of a lack of physical bravery. They seem, however, to lack the moral courage which Northern men would show under similar circumstances. Most of them were "poor whites," and they have not yet emancipated themselves from their submissive respect for the domineering planting class.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## THE CIVIL SERVICE.

### The Policy of the President-Elect Outlined by a Personal Friend.

One of the earliest duties that will confront the new President will be that of placing the administration of the Government, in all its details, on a distinctively Republican basis without sacrificing or disregarding the spirit of Civil-Service reform. Of course, he will take care that the Civil-Service law is enforced; a more difficult task will be to see that its spirit is observed. We think that in this regard the friends of good government, and what is known as Civil-Service reform, will not be disappointed. There is no stauncher friend of good administration and genuine Civil-Service reform than the President-elect. He is a Republican and a partisan in the best sense, but not a spoilsman. From what we know of General Harrison, we think it safe to say that he will exercise the appointing power primarily in the interest of good government and in the spirit of the axiom that he serves his party best who serves his country best. In his letter of acceptance he said:

"The law regulating appointments to the classified civil service received my support in the Senate, in the belief that it opened the way to a much-needed reform. I still think so, and, therefore, cordially approve the clear and forcible expression of the convention upon this subject. The law should have the aid of a friendly interpretation and be faithfully and vigorously enforced. All appointments under it should be absolutely free from partisan consideration and influence. Some extensions of the classified list are practicable and desirable, and further legislation extending the reform to other branches of the service, to which it is applicable, would receive my approval. In appointments to every grade and department fitness, and not party service, should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office. Only the interest of the public service should suggest removal from office. I know the practical difficulties attending the attempt to apply the spirit of the civil service rules to all appointments and removals. It will, however, be my sincere purpose, if elected, to advance the reform."

This shows familiarity with the present law, and is a very distinct approval of the principles on which it is based. There will be no step backward in Civil-Service reform during President Harrison's Administration. But he will, at the outset, be confronted by the fact that the term Civil-Service reform has been brought into bad odor by this Administration, and the civil service itself badly demoralized, not to say debauching. His first duty will be to bring it back in point of efficiency to where the Democrats found it, and from that point make further progress. The present condition of the civil service would justify sweeping removals; but however numerous they may be, the public can rest assured they will be made from a higher motive than partisan revenge or partisan advantage. The language quoted from General Harrison's letter of acceptance needs no elucidation, and can not be read between the lines. He was sincere when he wrote it, and he will stand by it. General Harrison's Administration will be thoroughly Republican, but it will be a Republican Administration based upon fitness and not upon mere party service.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## DRIFT OF OPINION.

☞Democratic motto for the next Presidential campaign: No North, no East, no Solid South, no Sackville West.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞The man who used to know General Harrison long before he was nominated is now becoming a numerous part of the population.—*Boston Globe.*

☞Democrats are talking about who they "will nominate in 1892." Better wait until after the funeral before opening up the will and appointing an executor.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

☞The "country editors" did more toward electing Harrison than was accomplished by the politicians, who will claim the credit. A little of their "style" at Washington will make the new Administration more representative.—*N. Y. World.*

☞The annual report of the Post-Office Department shows that more than half the deficit caused by two-cent postage has been wiped out. Before President Harrison's Administration is over it will all have disappeared and the country can take the next step to one-cent postage by a Republican Congress.—*Philadelphia News.*

☞There is a growing Republican sentiment among the white people of the South that only needs encouragement from the North to break the Bourbon control. That encouragement General Harrison's Administration will be in a position to give. The days of carpet-bagging are over; but the days of Southern Republicanism, drawing its support from men of Southern birth and associations, is apparently drawing near.—*Toledo Blade.*

☞It is the part of prudence and of wise statesmanship for the Republicans to lose no time in passing the Senate tariff bill, or a measure substantially like it, and conferring Statehood upon South Dakota. The cost of an extra session would be trifling, considered in the light of the great objects to be attained. We are inclined to think it will be the best judgment of party leaders and of the President-elect that the highest interests of the Republican party and the country require a session of the Fifty-first Congress beginning in March next.—*Cincinnati Times.*